Musings by Pequit Brookside

Augustus Gill

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MUSINGS BY PEQUIT BROOKSIDE.

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BY

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BY

AUGUSTUS GILL

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BOSTON, 1888

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PREFACE.

Having from youth to age scribbled rhyme occasionally, I have selected from a mass of manuscript the following pieces, which I thought might not prove wholly devoid of interest to my friends and acquaintances.

I am fully aware that much of the verse now published — not excepting the present volume — rigid criticism would hardly admit to be poetry. I do not, however, share the sentiments of those who entertain the opinion that if poetry is not of the highest order it is therefore useless and almost execrable, but believe that even the lower grades may subserve a valuable purpose. If they do not "refine the heart and elevate the soul," they may furnish precepts which tend to guide the young and inexperienced into the paths of rectitude and virtue.

It is hardly possible for one who has read extensively and for a long period to distinguish the emanations of his own mind from those derived from other sources; and should any discover here a similarity in thought or expression to other authors, I would say I have designedly appropriated nothing from preceding writers. If I have made a citation and failed to indicate it as a quotation, it was through inadvertence. No one conversant with literature, however, can have failed to notice quite a number of illustrious imitators and borrowers.

A large part of my life has been passed in pursuits very unfavorable to literature, and I have ever found the cares of life and manual labor very unpropitious to the flights of fancy or fervor of imagination.

A. G.

Before making the selection and preparing his work for the press, the author was suddenly called to a "higher life."

Therefore, neither the preface nor the manuscript verse received his last careful touches.

Wishing to carry out his intentions, these selections are presented with many misgivings as to the wisdom of the choice, which might not have been that of the writer.

H. P. G.

Canton, Mass., 1888.

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ADDRESS TO AN OLD VIOLIN.

Ancient Shell! with wondrous powers endow'd!
Thy tones were silv'ry, soft, and sweet, and loud.
Marvellous vehicle of dulcet sound!
Where can thy peer on all the earth be found?
Exhaustless reservoir from which outflow
Salubrious tones that heal our grief and woe!
To music thou'rt as to the engine steam,
Light to the eye from heaven's vivific beam.
Thou mak'st the blood to leap, to swiftly stir,
Thou art emotion's great interpreter.
Phidian grace lies in thy ev'ry curve
Which from true beauty's line doth never swerve.
Greece, in her palmy days, did not thee view,
Therefore one form of beauty never knew.

Thou wert unknown in famed Belshazzar's band,
Though boundless wealth lay open to his hand,
Thy witching tones, so clear, distinct, and true,
Afforded joys which Cesar never knew.
How Plutarch's heroes would have blest the day,
Could they have heard on thee an artist play.
Had David had thee, it seems very clear
Saul could not have at him hurled the deadly spear.

Of thee we wish to know, — from artist rare,
Down to the horse that freely furnish'd hair
For thy enchanting bow, — for that, we find,
To thee's what learning is unto the mind;
Or unto thee, wherever thou dost roam,
Like Crusoe's Friday in his island home;
Adjunct supreme! like earth's own satellite,
Or flowing ink which makes the pen to write.
The post, the "viol's soul," in any case
Must not be moved a hair's-breadth from its place,

For it sustains quite as important part
As, in the human race, sustains the heart.
The sound-bar's like the nervous system fine,
And strength and firmness gives as does the spine.
The bridge, which well upholds the tuneful strings
As the sweet warbler is upborne by wings,
Should seem a wing that cannot be detach'd,
Of kindred wood that has not been mismatch'd.
As the proud peacock's tail is all ablaze,
Thy purfled tail-piece ornament displays.
In cells, through which the living sap was sent,
Has flow'd a secret, subtle element
Which did enchain, enchant, and magnetize,
And none could cavil, carp, or criticise.
Thou canst effect a cataract-like tune,
Or gently ripple like a rill in June;
Seem like a storm which vet'ran oaks will break,
Or like the breeze that dimples not the lake.
Thou shouldst be kept with far much greater care

Than finest gold or precious jewels are,
For thou art sensitive in a high degree
To change of weather on the land or sea.
Thy owners thee their greatest treasure deem'd,
And gold, compared with thee, was light esteem'd.
For thy possession monarchs might contend,
And freely for thee gems and gold expend.
And now, defac'd, can sweeter music drop
Than when first issued from the artist's shop.
Thou hast receiv'd rough usage, and hard knocks,
And, what may seem to some a paradox,
Thou soundest, and art sound;—despite each crack
Where once shone amber but now shines shellac.
Thou art an instance of what skill can do
Combin'd with patience and a little glue.
To Time thou'st seen the organ proud succumb,
Pianos splendid, by it render'd dumb,
Aye, seen them come and go like flowers in spring,
And perish from the earth, each pipe and string;

Hast seen its ravage on their yellow keys,
A sure precursor of their sad decease;
Hast seen pretentious horns sink down midst junk
While thou, in byssus, lie within a trunk;
In that retreat, in silence calm, art hid
Like royal mummy in a pyramid.
Of thy charm'd life thou canst a lease renew,
Like Salathiel live, the wand'ring Jew.
Fragile and lasting as fine China ware,
No length of time can thy pure tones impair.
Seen generations, jocund as the day,
To thy notes gambol, and then pass away;
And ev'ry year thou hast much better grown,
And what thou lost in lustre, gain'd in tone.
As the good Christian's outward man decays,
The inward grows in goodness and in grace.
From num'rous years, yea, ages thou hast drawn
Thy brilliant tones, like light athwart the dawn;
Like Titian's tints, all mellow'd down by time,

Which by a master's hand become sublime.
Yea, thou hast seen the grand cathedral rise
As if to view more closely distant skies;
As if with earth it could not be content,
But longed for union with the firmament;
Hast seen it rise 'neath heaven's auspicious smile,
And seen it fall, a huge disjointed pile.
Seen empires sink, and mighty nations born,
And hosts of kings their various thrones adorn.
On pious ears thy notes with hymns soft fell,
And sweetly mingled with the convent bell.
Oft have great artists softly thee caress'd,
And sometimes clowns thy precious handle press'd.
Within thy narrow and contracted round
Is lodged a prodigality of sound
Which is sweet Music's source, — her noble sire;
Which will exist till Nature shall expire.
From thee the player rapture can educe
And all the fountains of the soul unloose.

Beneath some great maestro's magic touch
Thy wealth of sound, thy affluence, was such
It filled the soul with high transcendent glee,
And said, "O mourners, come, O come to me;"
While list'ning to thy "notes almost divine,"
It rais'd their spirits much like gen'rous wine.

Out on the man! dull soul! with leathern ears,
Whom thy bright tones his spirit never cheers;
From his foul presence a blest saint recoils,
He's "fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;"
He'd talk, or sleep, when others were aglow,
While Paganini sway'd his matchless bow,
Or view it as of very small account
When Judah's Harper play'd on Zion's mount;
To him a "Strad" is wood and nothing more,
And no more valued than a kitchen floor.
He's wanting in that signal attribute
Which parts the seraph from the grov'ling brute.

Through the deep sea a dolphin made a track,
And bore Orion on his shining back;
Orpheus caus'd the mountains vast to bound
When from his lyre he struck the thrilling sound.
These fables show what "tonal splendor" 'll do,
How it can man, and nature, all subdue.
A dewy freshness through thee brightly glows
Which ne'er, like sculpture, seems like arctic snows.
Thou'st been, as all the best musicians know,
In concerts grand, the generalissimo.
Orchestral king! to whom all homage pay,
And, bending, own thy undisputed sway;
There in that realm thou reign'd and reign'st supreme,
Or light and airy, or how grave the theme.
Thou art so prized by all the human race,
Thou, and thy allies, time will ne'er displace.
The wood, of which thou'rt form'd, might grow beside

The classic Arno, or near Como's tide;
That wood, that caus'd the world's vast heart to thrill,
On some Swiss mountain or Italian hill,
Of import small where first the light it saw,
What we behold with rev'rence, — almost awe.

NO MAN EVER BECAME GREAT BY IMITATION.

"No man ever became great by imitation,"
Thus said solemn Johnson; and, if we believe him,
Throughout this universal, vast Yankee nation
There is none truly great among all the living.

Original notions are not very plenty: —
This I found was no fiction a long time ago.
Just look at our authors, scarce one out of twenty
But can plainly be tracked in old author's snow.

But then those old authors, *they* had predecessors
From whom they obtained perhaps costly plunder;
If Homer himself was among such transgressors,
Then at his grand genius we can't so much wonder.

The Temple of Fame, though its outside's alluring,
A new mode of entrance 'twill be hard to discover,
And the niches are full of statues enduring,
And the air, the throngs have often breathed over.

Since the Churchills rul'd England when Anna was queen,
(An era o'er which one with pleasure oft lingers,)
How many great writers, or their works, have we seen?
One may count them, alas! on the ends of his fingers.

Our favorite bards, who 've been praised from
our birth,
'Tis not hard to discern the authors they study:
For the spring will be tinctur'd and ting'd by the
earth,
And oftentimes by it be made very muddy.

In a library, take the first book the eye meets,
And glance at its pages, so sparkling and pure;
You will see a penumbra of Wordsworth or Keats,
Or a faint echo sound of voluptuous Moore.

The scholar will notice, without powerful lens,
That fine jewels from corpses are frequently
stript;
One author all bedizened from old Camoens,
Another decked out from an old Spanish crypt.

On some tinted pages mental gems brightly shine,
On others bloom flowers of rich hue and perfume ;
But these were transplanted from some ancient divine,
And those were exhumed from some old monkish tomb.

Some authors, it is sure, in our dear natal land, —
The truth shall be spoken, whoever may fidget,—
If in the old writers they have not a whole hand,
At least they have in them the main dexter digit.

I give the whole world my opinion and benison, —
Although 'tis not worth paying even the freight on, —
That Britain's great bard, the fam'd Alfred Tennyson,
Has read in days past old Michael Drayton.

A man in one thing may be an imitator, —
As some artists play well on only one string;
But portraits ar'n't cut like profiles from paper,
A bird in a cage cannot soar — but may sing.

The skillful mechanic oft uses mean tools,
And stock that is common, and that which is rare;
So authors employ the sagacious and fools,
As Paganini employed both catgut and hair.

Some men's souls gush out from each finger's pore,
As they fly o'er the strings or keys very nimble;
But if one is poulticed because it is sore,
And one encas'd in a heavy brass thimble,

Much jarring and discord would likely ensue,
Instead of a torrent of music sublime ;
And so of some poets it is certainly true,
If they have inspiration, they lack health and time.

If a man's of good size, both sturdy and limber,
If he's void of vision, — in other words, blind, —
If one nether limb's form'd of solid sound timber, —
He is not a fit person fine razors to grind.

In some things, in progress I am a believer,
But authorcraft's prospects grow fainter and fainter;
A color-blind man might make a good weaver,
But hardly could rise very high as a painter.

If a lame, fetter'd person should dance in a ditch
Much grace of motion few would think he could
reach;
And of fame, for some bards to expect a high pitch
Is as useless as adding more down to a peach.

A person can become great by imitation,
If he imitates the good, the wise, and the brave;
But men of all ranks, and in every station,
Had better work in a mine than rifle a grave.

NIGHT.

How solemn is nocturnal time!
Then glories on our planets beam;
The moon walks proudly; and sublime
The firmamental islands seem.

The clouds upon the astral steeps,
The mists upon the mountains gray,
The river vast, which ever sweeps
The concave through, — the milky way.

A sweet sabbatic silence reigns,
While countless worlds in praise unite;
While suns on solar roads in trains
In oceans pour their golden light.

Oh then is seen Omnipotence
In orbs which round our world career;
And in the shadows dark and dense, —
For shadows show a substance near.

All things which mortal eyes can view,
All places by archangels trod,
Are shadows, dim and faint, but true,
Of our Creator and our God.

THE FORMS IN EARLY YEARS WE'VE KNOWN.

The forms in early years we've known,
Though they've slept long in dust and cold,
Stand in the mind as carved in stone,
Unchanging seem and ne'er grow old.

We do not need Apelles' paint
To bring our valued dead to view:
Their faces beam on us, not faint;
We see their very garments' hue.

We do not need the poet's powers
To keep their mem'ry bright and green;
Fresher than dewy morning flowers
Are all their gestures, voice and mien.

None need the marble, canvas, bronze,
Whose life has been what life should be,
Who've left a noble son or sons
To venerate their memory.

LINES.

SEEN at a distance through vast depths of air,
Worlds seem like jewels in Night's crown be-
spangled,
Huge trees seem like the lofty mountain's hair,
In which auroral flaming shafts are tangled.

So, o'er the dreary, dismal, wat'ry plain
The seaboy's eye a lovely island greeting,
To him, accustom'd to the troubled main,
It seems an evanescent cloud and fleeting.

YE CANNOT SERVE GOD AND MAMMON.

When men can find a potent styptic
To keep the Amazon from flowing, —
Macadamize the bright ecliptic,
And turn the firmament to mowing, —

Add sev'ral rings to distant Saturn, —
Start into life the son of Ammon, —
Of future worlds strike out a pattern, —
Then may they serve both God and Mammon.

A CONTRAST.

His birth was on a rigid wintry day,
When Nature's self seemed like a corpse congealed ; —
His death was on a lovely eve in May
Which a blest Sabbath sunset grandly sealed.

A POCKET BOOK.

WHAT Roman shield or Grecian helm,
When troubles spring from ev'ry nook,
When heavy woes the race o'erwhelm,
Can guard one like a Pocket Book?

What ægis like it? vast and wide,
Unbending as a anchor fluke;
None made of metal, wood, or hide
Is equal to a Pocket Book.

The wretch who well deserves the rope,
When matters have a hanging look,
Need not abate of heart, or hope,
If he's a well-lined Pocket Book.

What though a man is mean and small!
His wealth obtain'd by lust and crook!
The world to him will cringe and crawl,
Because of his round Pocket Book.

The dunce who, maugre his thick pate,
Can tell the State House by its look,
Is straightway sent to legislate,
If he's a rotund Pocket Book.

When sober citizens convene,
Though his chattering's like a rook, —
He will be thought almost supreme,
For his distended Pocket Book.

Should he assert the circle's square,
A plain straight line a perfect crook;
There would enough the same declare,
Because of that large Pocket Book.

This panacea none can match, —
When terror stoutest hearts has shook,
He can escape without a scratch,
Who hides behind his Pocket Book.

For him the clergy 'll preach and pray,
And artists carve, and paint, and cook,
Lawyers will lie, musicians play,
If he's a pleth'ric Pocket Book.

It is a substitute for brains;
For virtue, valor, is mistook;
'Twill cover o'er the foulest stains, —
This marvellous, thick Pocket Book.

Black characters 'twill bleach out white,
Though they their crimes have not forsook;
They'll be esteem'd pure, just, and right,
If they've a bloated Pocket Book.

But then these characters to gild, —
To have them glide smooth as a brook,
It must be crowded out, — well fill'd, —
This same all-potent Pocket Book,

Scan thou ev'ry tome of Astor's,
Yea, ev'ry one by mortals took ;
As its contents are "shin plasters,"
Men value most the Pocket Book.

1871.

THOUGHTS ON THE NILE.

THE Nile, for countless years, had strewn
O'er Egypt's plains profusion grand ;
But yet its source was all unknown,
Although it fructified the land.

Each year, the natives crops would take,
The annual fruitage nicely glean,
And knew not of Nyanza lake,
The source of their prolific stream.

They knew the all-enriching floods
Bestow'd on Egypt pomp and power ;
Gave flowers, and fruits, and bursting buds,
And gladden'd ev'ry fleeting hour ;

And their hearts swell'd with gratitude
To Horus, Isis, and their priests ;
They render'd worship, true, though rude,
To loathsome reptiles and to beasts.

May we not think the soul which stirs
Within man's breast devotion blind, —
May we not hope such worshippers
Will, with *our* God, acceptance find ?

The infant Moses calmly lay
On thy fair breast, O famous Nile !
And on that bright and breezy day,
The huge, voracious crocodile.

So, in our common, daily walk,
We see a saint, God's chosen one ;
And by his side a sinner stalk,
Whose presence shames the glorious sun.

There, gilded barges moving proud,
With silken sails from Persian looms ;
Discoursing music sweet and loud,
Enwrapped in incense and perfumes.

In wretched scows, were flesh and bones
Enchain'd to oars, with tearful lids ;
The boat borne down with massive stones,
To build the mighty pyramids.

This ancient river onward ran,
Dispensing blessings far and wide ;
It fed the nation, — brutes and man ;
By it their wants were well supplied.

From the equator to the poles,
The lover of his race oft meets
Men, not like Nilus, as it rolls,
But more like stony, dusty streets.

As it flow'd to the central sea,
It mirror'd sky, clouds, other views;
So man moves to eternity,
And from surroundings takes his hues.

1878.

ADVICE TO THE YOUNG.

In sailing o'er Life's sea so far,
Keep thy hand on the guiding helm;
Thy eye fix'd on the polar star,
Lest raging waves thy barque o'erwhelm.

If clouds arise, deep, dark, obscure,
So thou'rt unable to discern
The bright, the heavenly Cynosure, —
Watch thou the needle, — grasp the stern.

To breezes soft adapt thy sails ;
Winds, which thy vessel smoothly waft ;
But be prepar'd for driving gales,
Lest thou sink with thy found'ring craft.

And should the tempest loudly roar,
And hope diminish to a spark ;
Fear not the rugged, rock-bound shore,
Cast thou the anchor, — though 'tis dark.

ON PRIDE.

O, WHY should pride in any man exist?
He who was form'd from dust by his Creator?
Whose days are like the transient, morning mist,
Whose little life doth vanish like a vapor?

From dust thou art, to dust shalt thou return;—
All human beings should this truth remember;
But 'tis a lesson we are slow to learn,
Encompassed as we are with wealth and splendor.

Dust settles on the highest works of art,
In spite of the most tireless, watchful warden
Great cities slumber in the earth's vast heart,—
The Dead Sea swallows up the living Jordan.

Changes transpire;—where once was heard the wheel,—
It is a fact recorded in earth's story,—
The dancing waves are parted by the keel;
And such convulsions say — *Memento Mori.*

In twilight gray we trace a single star;
But as Night's pall envelops all the nations,
Then brightly shine through the high fields afar,
A host of burning, mighty constellations.

So, when this mortal life's about to cease,
When soul from body must be put asunder,
May the bright stars of faith, love, joy increase,
And our rapt souls be lost in holy wonder.

THOUGHTS IN A CHURCHYARD.

[A Dim Shadow of Gray.]

Within this mournful, consecrated spot,
Where countless numbers of the human race
Remain unnoticed, by the world forgot,
Held in Death's rigorous, iron, cold embrace,

I tread; on this chill, drear, Novembral eve.
Faintly the wind sighs through the wither'd grass,
The hoary trees their branches interweave
And form an arch'd way under which I pass.

A Gothic chapel casts a dismal shade,
Beside that elm with ivy overgrown;
It seems a sombre mantle, grimly laid
O'er many a mossy, downcast, crumbling stone.

The distant brooklet, o'er its cascade slight,
A solemn murmur sends o'er all around,—
The powers of nature, on this sullen night,
Add gloom and grandeur to this lowly ground.

The stars dim glimmer from the vast abyss,—
The moon a flick'ring ghostly light doth shed,—
What horror overspreads a scene like this!
What gloom hangs o'er the dwellings of the dead!

A lurid cloud athwart the sky flits now,—
The falling leaves the thorns and briars bestrew;
What murky vapors rise on Night's black brow,
Diffusing dampness round like healthful dew!

Below these mounds, beneath this gloomy pall,
Fest'ring decay and rank corruption join;
On Beauty's cheek the worms securely crawl,
And loathsome reptiles waste the form divine.

In yon scath'd pine is heard the screech owl's moans,
They fall terrific on the list'ning ear;
Death's music meet, — far worse than dying groans, —
It makes this dreary place seem far more drear.

The dead are in a distant silent land:
Their separation from us, how immense!
None watch their passage to the trackless strand, —
The spirit realm is hid from eyes of sense.

Their works remain ; their labors we enjoy ;
They clear'd our woodlands, wrought our stub-
born soil ;
The cold, grim, tyrant Death can ne'er destroy
Their bright example and their worthy toil.

They had their joys ; however weak and tame
They seem to us in this more polish'd age ;
They lack'd the light of Learning's brilliant flame,
And grinding want did all their force engage.

But what avails man's grandeur, pomp, or power !
How vain ! how useless ! all that wealth can
give !
It cannot add to life a single hour,
Nor cause these putrid, old white bones to live.

Can Sculpture, or the proud mausoleum,
Fame's flatt'ring trump, or praise however just?
Can honor gain'd on gory fields, or won
By letters fair, save mortal man from dust?

What though no splendid marble tomb proclaims
Where the poor clay is laid that once had breath!
Or gushing music in enchanting strains
Flow o'er the ears so closely sealed by Death!

It matters not: — their sleep is as serene,
Their slumbers are as sweet, as deep, profound,
As though a swelling dome did intervene
Between the concave and this hallowed ground.

How many pearls repose in ooze and brine
That might adorn a mighty monarch's brow!
And diamonds, that on Beauty's breast might shine,
Are turned with pebbles by the rustic's plough.

They were not call'd to make their country's laws,
From golden urns for them no incense flamed,
Their deeds would gain from crowds no loud applause;
But with no guilt their peaceful lives were stained.

Their lot was hard, forbidding, and severe,
They were bound down by cold, relentless Fate,
It crush'd their virtues, sternly and austere,
But kept them from the vices of the great.

Yet from these ashes, rough feet to repel,
Friendship some slight memento did uprear;
With quaint old verse, skulls, crossbones, covered well,
Beseech from every one the pious tear.

These mean old slabs inscrib'd, though poor and rude,
Supply the place of eulogistic breath;
And Scripture texts around are thickly strew'd,
Which teach vain mortals how to conquer Death.

For who, by insensibility o'erdone,
His great, his last, his awful change e'er met —
Left the bright region of the air, and sun,
Without one lingering sigh or deep regret?

Aye, who e'er left this earth, this blessed isle,
The chill and dreary path of Death to tread, —
This scene all brilliant with its Maker's smile, —
And not a tear of bitter anguish shed?

When friend from friend Death's iron hand divides,
When nothing mortal can arrest his force,
How all survivors watch his dreadful strides,
And with keen grief surround the pallid corpse!

Silence is broken then with many a moan.
Where art thou gone? Oh wherefore hast thou died?
Oh thou hast left for distant worlds unknown —
Hast launch'd on waters deep and dark, untried.

1871.

AN INVITATION.

COME and meet me, gentle maiden,
At the witching twilight hour;
Then, with pleasure overladen,
I shall feel thy spell and power.

Come, when o'er our world is shining
Evening's mild and silvery beam,
Then, like roses intertwining,
Joy seems like a gilt-edged dream.

In a state of high ignition,
Stars journey through the vast abyss;
Could they know our blest condition,
In envy would they view our bliss.

Pleasure round thou art diffusing,
Like fragrance from the blushing rose;
But no virtue art thou losing;
Thy spirit 's pure as arctic snows.

O'er our pathway, interspacing,
Is light enchanting, mellow, weird;
Our hearts, like branches interlacing,
Like precious seed, become insphered.

Nature beauties often tethers
In union nice; — but grand, if single;
As tuneful birds with golden feathers,
As flowers and perfumes deftly mingle.

1844.

GENIUS OFTEN UNKNOWN.

As pearls upon the ocean's bed,
  So genius often lies conceal'd, —
As gems upon the coffin'd dead, —
  As treasure hid within a field ; —
The tall grass waves, the waters roll,
And hide from view the noble soul.

As Mont Blanc, robed in glaring white,
  Is first saluted by the day,
While regions 'neath are veiled in night, —
  So vulgar men o'er earth bear sway ;
Are placed on high, in purple shine,
Are courted, feared, as 'most divine.

1846.

A LITTLE BOOK.

A LITTLE book, a tiny book.
If good, let none disdain ;
'Tis like a sweet, pellucid brook
Amid a desert plain.

How pleasant, when away from home,
Upon this gem to look :
Ay, he* who wrote the stately tome
Much prized the little book.

How blest, in summer's fervent heat,
To find a sylvan nook ;
And there, in pleasure calm and sweet,
Peruse the little book.

* Dr. Johnson.

And when on earth his icy chains
Stern Winter firmly hooks,
When desolation round us reigns, —
To con the little books.

The sea is made, however grand,
Of rills with all their crooks,
And little grains compose the land, —
The Bible's made of books.

In it we read an angel came
And stood on sea and land;
He held no sceptre, sword of flame, —
And what was in his hand?

A little book. It far outshone
A sceptre, sword, or mace,
As seraphs on a burning throne
Outshine the human race.

Fire from earth's centre oft ascends,
Has oft this planet shook ;
But still, though mighty, ne'er transcends
A noble little book.

Thrones crumble 'neath its magic sway !
Wands change to shepherd's crooks,
And empires sink into decay,
By very little books.

A spear, match'd by a weaver's beam,
The pond'rous volume's like ;
But stones, pluck'd from the babbling stream,
And little books, will strike.

1879.

THE POET'S RECOMPENSE.

GENIUS enkindles genius: and its rays
Can the remotest verge of earth illume;
Yes — like the sun produce a gen'ral blaze,
Which will dispel the deepest, thickest gloom.

What is more charming than the poet's crown?
What is more lasting than his deathless fame?
This, Time's oblivious tide can never drown,
Nor quench the lustre of his fulgent name.

What is more pleasing than harmonious lines?
What's more exalted than the poet's fire?
Around his work a sweet enchantment twines;
Delight attends the labors of the lyre.

"All hail! ye mighty masters of the lay;"
Compar'd with you, the loftiest are low;
Your praise will last till Nature shall decay,
And then perhaps to other worlds will flow.

The God of Nature gave your tuneful powers, —
He who the harp of Judah's Poet strung, —
He placed you in the high, the laurel'd, bowers,
And glory's mantle bright around you flung.

Come, then, thou son of genius! lank and pale, —
Ye who have watched the midnight taper burn,
Your tow'ring fancy over all will sail,
And Fame's clear torch will light your lowly urn.

Ye have the power the souls of men to move,
To still the ruffled, stir the placid mind;
The troubled and unhappy ye can soothe,
Polish the rude, make pure the unrefined.

Your art is like the living face divine,
That has health, animation, heat, and breath ;
While Painting, Sculpture, her high sisters, shine
Like cherubic beauty chained in death !

The labors of your great and mighty mind
Men will admire, yea, will them most adore ;
In high, in humble, bosoms be enshrined,
With spirit-wings reach every distant shore.

Yes ! what you view your slightest, smallest dream,
When you are gone, will be a star on high,
Whose lustre, mirror'd in each, every stream,
Will charm the sage, and the unscienced eye.

Printed in 1854.

EVENING REFLECTIONS.

The shining stars that deck yon arch,
And every dim and feeble orb,
In their eternal, holy march,
Declare the glory of the Lord.

Yes, flaming suns together piled,
And systems that serenely shine,
Proclaim to Earth's most lowly child
That God their maker is divine.

The changeless garniture on high
The mental eye of Man illumes,
Teaches Earth's pilgrim how to die,
With seraph-harps his spirit tunes.

Go forth thou, in the solemn night,
And view the scene so high, august!
Scan yon eternal zone of light,
And no more grovel in the dust.

Farther than aided eye can reach
Are orbs by which God's glory's shown;
There is no language nor no speech
Where stellar voices are unknown.

AN OLD MAN'S MUSINGS.

ONCE I was young — yes, once I was fair,
But now I am old and borne down with care.
The joys of my youth, like guests from a feast,
Have left, — and life's shadow slopes far to the east.

Ah, yes, I am old, — long lines on my brow,
And deep-wrinkled visage attest to it now;
My bright hirsute crown mostly fallen away,
And that which remains, a dull iron-gray.

My spectacled eyes and long grizzly beard
Seem like a Santon, all wither'd and weird;
The dull leaden pains and what they presage,
Are the grim compeers, the adjuncts, of age.

The adjective "old" applied to my name.
And, when I walk forth, my stout bamboo cane,
The stray words of persons of every clan,
Indicate clearly that I'm an old man.

The names of my friends on tombstones are borne;
For the dear ones departed I cannot but mourn;
Their memories haunt me, they seem to arise
Like radiant clouds o'er clear sunset skies.

My mind's unimpaired, though my body's a wreck;
But Hope the dark sky with bright clouds doth fleck;
And though sadly shorn by the action of Time,
I still am upheld by a Parent divine.

1880.

ASPIRE.

Ere the Mayflower disembogued
On Plymouth Rock her precious freight, —
Or British King in wrath prorogued
The grand Sanhedrim of the state, —

The savage floated in his birch,
Borne down with filth, and low desire ;
Until he saw a Christian church
Pierce the blue concave with a spire.

What new thoughts rush'd through his rude brain !
Far better, purer, brighter, higher,
As he survey'd that sacred fane,
Its silence said, " Behold, aspire."

ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

O BLEST omnific Potentate !
Greatest of beings, increate !
Thine ear with unform'd sounds is stored,
Thou art by ev'rything adored.

Thou dost the golden sun career,
And mak'st him form the varied year ;
The azure arch, and splendid bow,
Unto Thee all their beauty owe.

Lo ! at Thy word, from chaos, night,
A world sprang forth all rob'd in light ;
Submissive to Thy law divine
Sun and planets brightly shine.

Ere Time began, Thy hand did trace
The features of each, ev'ry face
That has, or shall, on earth appear,
Until the great "Eternal Year."

Thou the high mountain forms didst throw,
And in their bosoms treasures sow;
Waters from waters' vast extent
Thou partedst by the firmament.

The raging winds Thy coursers are,
The sombre cloud becomes Thy car,
The pensile earth's upheld by Thee,
Thou holdest in Thy hand the sea.

A flaming cherub is Thy steed,
And horns do from Thy hands proceed,
There is the hiding of Thy might,
Arrayed in burning, matchless light.

LINES

Written on seeing it discussed in the papers where to erect a monument to Webster.

Upon a mountain's summit rear
A monument, both broad and high,
And no inscription let it bear
But "Webster," through eternity.

Let it o'erlook some surge-lashed shore,
In everlasting grandeur stay,
Till Time with men shall be no more,—
Till heaven and earth shall pass away.

A SUNSET VIEW.

Behold the western sky aglow
With golden streaks and burning coals!
A molten river seems to flow
Amidst those deep, voluptuous scrolls.

Dolphins around a vessel's prow,
Griffins and satyrs, centaurs too,
Are seen on heaven's bright canvas now,
Where all was blank, and fair, and blue.

Knights, ladies, squires, attending tilts, —
A glove, enormous, on the grass;
Goliah, mounted high on stilts,
Surveying a vast sea of glass.

Chariots and horsemen greet the sight;
A serpent huge its length displays;
Supernal armies seem to fight
With Furies, Dragons, in a blaze.

Spaces are seen like charming isles,
Where spirits loved and gone might roam,
Encircled round with fleecy piles
Of clouds, to shield their shining home.

But roseate hues and fiery gleams
Give place to saffron tints and gray;—
Oh! how much like our youthful dreams,
When all this splendor fades away.

ON THE WORKS OF THE DEITY.

The Almighty Artist did the arch japan,
Which swells in splendor o'er this home of Man;
He paints each flower on this terrennial star,
He gilds each planet in the abyss afar.

His looms prepare the hoar-frost, hail, and snow,
His word doth cause the biting winds to blow,
He chafes old ocean's main, and at His will
The sounding billows are serene and still.

He caus'd the light from darkness drear to spring,
He lifts the islands like a little thing,
And, when the orbs have ceased to measure time,
His lightnings will this ample ball calcine.

THE ABODE OF MAN.

NATURE with pleasure is replete : —
The spangled arch above Man's head,
The verdant earth beneath his feet,
Form a good place to win his bread.

The water sparkles that he drinks,
Fire is his servant, and the sea ; —
The wild winds serve him, and methinks
The trees weave witching tracery.

The streamlet glistens in its course,
The forests, Nature's Gothic piles,
Radiant with beauty, almost force
From coldest hearts sweet, cordial smiles.

The sunbeams penetrate all nooks,
And gild and gladden all our homes;
Oh, "there are homilies in brooks,
And sermons in the common stones."

Then Man, lord of this brilliant scene,
Should not one beauty e'er destroy;
Nor droop about o'erwhelmed with spleen,
When all things are surcharg'd with joy.

WHAT THE BACHELOR IS LIKE.

LIKE the dove unarked, his mind
Is seeking peace throughout his life ;
But he no olive branch will find —
That sign of peace, — but in a wife.

In vain he studies classic lore,
In vain he cultivates his muse ;
His spirit thirsts for something more,
Though moistened with Castalian dews.

Who lives without his better half
Is like the merchant who doth spread
His sails to waft off worthless chaff,
Expecting jewels in its stead, —

Or like him who the brumal storm
  Should brave uncloth'd, without a house,
Expecting to be close and warm, —
  So is he who's without a spouse.

Who's lived a score and five is bad,
  Who's lived a score and ten is worse;
A blemish on creation sad, —
  A desert in the universe.

Come, then, ye bachelors, though late,
  Obtain a wife at any cost;
Come, now, and by one happy trait
  Retrieve the credit you have lost.

1838.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

In the broad arch the crescent hung,
And stars shed down their silver sheen,
A mystic lustre then was flung
O'er thy fair fields, blest Palestine;

E'en palm-clad Sharon saw the glow,
And likewise sad Gethsemane; —
Jordan restrained his wonted flow,
Thy waters slumber'd, Galilee;

But Zion, o'er thy hallowed height
A halo threw celestial grace;
In thee thy Maker took delight,
And lambent flames adorned thy base;

A glory beam'd on every hill,—
A light which made each mount a gem ; —
When " Peace on earth, to man goodwill,
And Christ is born in Bethlehem,"

Was heard by lowly shepherds long,
Through riven skies, in stellar strains.
We hear the echoes of that song
Reverberate from Judah's plains.

But who first heard this sky-born lay ?
Not kings, nor heroes clad in mail,
Not prophets, priests, nor sages gray,—
But simple shepherds in the vale.

See common men thus honored most,—
O'er them eternal glory strown
By seraphs and the heavenly host
Who circle round the great white throne.

Labor may be with worship join'd,
And business with devotion true;
Earth's cords may heavenly treasure bind,
And God be praised in all we do.

How grand was this angelic cry
Which flowed through the stupendous fane
Of lofty and unpillared sky,
With choral spheres of living flame!

Throughout vast space are countless stars,
Beyond all astronomic ken;
But none such peerless splendor wears
As the bright star of Bethlehem.

Earth's a deep organ for God's praise,
A harp of many varied chords,
And all its notes from ancient days
Distinctly sound "It is the Lord's."

These echoes down all time will roll,
  United worlds will join the cry,—
Suns, systems, as one mighty soul,
  Shout "Glory be to God on high!"

1876.

ON THE DEATH OF A MISER.

He burrow'd in this little sphere;
  The earth his spirit did encrust;
Thus he went on from year to year,
  Till now his *body's* in the dust.

And now the man is all unmask'd,
  The world of him is now bereft.
What question now is often'st asked?
  Why, "How much money has he left?"

Not how much good that man has wrought?
How holy, pure, were all his deeds?
How pious was each, every thought?
How he supplied the poor man's needs?

How keen, how shrewd, were all his schemes!
His deep laid plans, how were they blest!
Money would spring forth from his dreams,
They taught him wisely to invest.

Whoever failed, whatever crash,
His vessel would securely ride;
A perfect avalanche of cash
Did in his coffers safely slide.

While life remain'd he aught would save;
But now he lies stiff, stark, and cold;
But, Midas-like, though in his grave,
May turn that very grave to gold.

And if within that place serene,
Where all are holy that he meets,
He'll quickly form some brilliant scheme
To *coin* the gold that paves the streets.

1878.

WHAT IS LOVE LIKE?

How shall I liken Love? with what compare
That gentle power whose sway all mortals share?
'Tis like the austral air, or flow'ry lawn,
Or like the light that ushers in the dawn.

Bright, — as the rich and glowing tints that rise
In matchless beauty o'er Italian skies.
Mild, — as the stars which at Creation's birth
Beam'd, from their bright celestial seats, on earth.

Calm, — as the silent, vast, reposing deep,
When on its bosom all its billows sleep.
Fair, — as the meek refulgent Queen of Night,
When o'er our world she spreads her argent light.

Sweeter, — by far than incense Persia yields,
Or fragrance wafted from Arabia's fields.
More precious, — than the richest shining gem
That ever graced a Monarch's diadem.

Pure, — as the spirit in an infant's breast,
When on its cradled couch it sinks to rest.
Enchanting, — as the sweet Orphean lyre.
Unceasing, — as the sacred Vestal's fire.

We mortals love; — whose life is but a span.
Yes, — to love is the noblest boon to Man.
Bright seraphs love, — who float in other spheres,
Where Time's unmeasur'd by the lapse of years.

Printed in 1841.

ON THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION OF 1872.

O WHAT a strange amalgamation
Has taken place throughout our nation!
The foes to misrule Ulyssean,
Have joined their voices in a pean,
A song exultant and sonorous,
But dissonant, and dire, the chorus.
All grades, sects, nations, Gentiles, Jews,
Like Joseph's coat of varied hues;
Grand Doric notes linked with patois,
A statue formed of stone, and clay,
A feast in a mausoleum,
Wine flavor'd with petroleum,
These incoherent, motley hosts
Like statues seem, with Ossian's ghosts,
Or prophets, poets, princes, priests,
Immixt with dogs and lower beasts.

The witching flute's most dulcet strains,
With files, and saws, and creaking wains;
Ophir's pure gold, with worthless dross,
Instead of hair with mortar, floss,
For rulers, rough orang-outangs,
Instead of rifles, boomerangs.

HYMN.

LORD JESUS, make us as Thou art,
Make us entirely, wholly Thine;
Renew in us a sinless heart,
On us Thy image stamp divine.

O Thou canst full salvation give,
Can faith, love, joy, and peace bestow;
Can teach us wisely how to live,
Our scarlet sins turn white as snow.

On us Thy Spirit blest is shed,
On our benighted souls it shines;
Thy love is like a golden thread
Which lowly, loving hearts entwines.

Man's life's a scene of grief at first,
Earth's brightest beauty Time enshrouds;
Its glory is a bubble burst,
Its honors are but fleeting clouds.

Lord! speak the word; Thou needst but speak
Then wonders rise by feeble flesh;
Yes, by Thy help, like worms as weak,
Thy saints the lofty mountains thresh.

Upheld by Thee, who for us died,
Sinners meet Death without a fear;
Salvation issued from Thy side,
Pierc'd by the cruel soldier's spear.

A POET.

THE Poet's soul is light.
He seen and unseen things doth paint.
The languages are his coloring.
They are luxuriant, and bright,
But oh how dim! how weak! how faint!
To show forth his imagining.
It is delightful to obtain a glance,
At thoughts that issue from a Poet's brain;
How high above the world's rude utterance!
It makes the soul glow with a lively flame.
Yes, his symphonious soul can blend
The softest tints with sweetest sounds;
It can to ambient objects bend,
Or soar to Earth's most distant bounds.
A Poet is the highest grade of man.

The world will listen to his rainbow tones.
He breathes in witching melody
More mind than is contain'd in many tomes
That grace the splendid Vatican.

1840.

ON THE FREEDOM OF THE MIND.

MAN'S MIND IS FREE! 'twas always free, I find;
Tyrants could never chain the human mind.
Despots may rule with iron rod, and rave, —
They never can the human soul enslave.

They might as well curb heaven's vivid flash,
As curb Man's mind by dungeon, rack, or lash;
Yea, full as well with cobwebs think to bind
The charger, as with steel the human mind.

They might as well attempt to hide the sun
With a gauze veil, and cry "The world's undone!"
As place Man's person in complete control,
And then suppose they had subdued his soul.

They might as well, with their own puny force,
Arrest the mighty river in its course;
This they may do, and sooner ocean bind,
Than tame the bold and daring human mind.

Shall souls that scan the earth, the air, the main,
Shall they be limited by a tyrant's chain?
It cannot be; it cannot be confined;
It ranges forth as free as air or wind.

Let Smithfield fires resume their wonted glow,
Aye, fiercer burn, and hotter torments show,
Let bigotry turn foe to all mankind, —
Man's soul is free, unfettered, unconfined.

Though superstition does the world enshroud,
And darkness veils the earth as with a cloud,
The pilgrim's barque will cross the stormy sea, —
The Alpine heights proclaim Man's spirit's free.

The spacious earth, for Man, is mean and poor;
'Tis but his birthplace and his sepulchre;
His nobler powers from this poor earth are riven,
That they may grow, expand, and live in heaven.

Published in 1841.

BIBLE TIMES.

What great, what grand, what noble views
Were taken by the seers of eld —
Moses, and other prophets, Jews —
Of future scenes which they beheld!

The nation's faith, — how bold! how pure!
It leaned not on the storied page,
But on prophetic words obscure,
Which hallowed all that wondrous age.

Whether they walked in morning dews,
Or lonely sat in evening's shade,
Poets would ponder well, and muse
On all things which the Lord had made.

Sweet odes were written under palms,
Transcending later works of art;
Perhaps there, David wrote his Psalms,
Which give a voice to every heart.

Zion's blest lyrics consecrate
Each scene in this our earthly lot;
The Psalmist's harp-strings still vibrate
In regal palace, lowly cot.

May we not think amid the grove,
'Neath Summer's glows, or Autumn's glints,
The bard his stately rhyme inwove
With burning thoughts and breathing hints?

1879.

DECORATION DAY, 1873.

While Time its mighty cycle runs,
As vernal seasons shall appear,
So long our heroes — fallen sons —
Shall honored be from year to year.

They fought — they died; the good, the brave;
Before them sank the rebel rag;
Gave Freedom to the lowest slave,
And well sustained our noble flag.

They drove fell Treason from the land, —
For that dear land their blood they shed ;
Their gallant deeds in accents grand
Devoutly speak, though they are dead.

We cannot add to their renown,
No lustre give to martyrs' flames ;
But yet this ancient, goodly town
Can on fair tablets grave their names ;

Can o'er their ashes banners wave,
And garlands weave, and chaplets twine ;
And view each soldier's lonely grave,
As sainted hero's hallow'd shrine.

Aye, o'er the mould that wraps their clay,
Let soul-inspiring music flow,
Let rolling drums and bugles play,
In thrilling strains, the thanks we owe.

Let fluent wordsmen, 'midst these stones,
  Kindle true patriotic fires;
And poets, in their golden tones,
  Exalt these sons of Canton sires.

If more attempt, at highest cost,
  By touches nice, or strokes more bold,
We might paint, marble, bronze, exhaust,
  And find we had been gilding gold.

Immortal names! not doomed to die,
  Who broke all shackles, chains, and bars,
Your names appear to every eye,
  As jewels bright, as radiant stars!

IN THE CONVOCATION AT PHILADELPHIA, 1876.

Ruler of worlds! O Lord of hosts!
Who didst this great Republic raise,
Now all the glory which it boasts
Should be employed to swell Thy praise!

Thou didst our fathers well sustain;
They through Thy strength threw off the yoke
Of stern oppression; and the chain
Which tyrants forged they bravely broke.

A hundred circuits round the sun
Our planet's made since Freedom's birth, —
Since we a Nation did become,
And took a standing on the earth.

Our Occidental skies now bend
O'er people near, and those remote ;
Nations this joyous place attend,
In harmony their ensigns float.

Labor and art blend like perfumes, —
Like a grand river form'd of rills.
Here products rise from Indian looms,
Here fabrics wave from Lowell mills.

Here rolls the Indus' precious store, —
The Thames and Tagus keep not back ;
And many distant rivers more,
Join issue with the Merrimac.

Nations and arts together fuse.
Auspicious era ! golden pass !
Discordant people — Gentiles, Jews —
Seem like famed Corinthian brass.

May peaceful arts expand and thrive,
  Good-will to man glow in each heart;
May the whole earth great good derive
  From this commingling of each part.

Lord! though the past resplendent shone,
  May the vast future brighter shine;
Lead Thou us on, Almighty One,
  In skill, work, worship, all divine!

A PART OF THE NINETIETH PSALM.

While ages after ages roll,
  Lord, Thou wilt bless the human race;
Thou art the friend of every soul,
  Its firm, unshaken dwelling-place.

Before the seas were spread abroad,
Or mountains bathed in solar flame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To everlasting art the same.

Ere Earth's foundations strong were laid
On solid adamantine bars,
Before the Sun and Moon were made,
Or all the shining hosts of stars,

Thou wert; — and all things didst survey
In every stage from first to last.
A thousand years seem but a day,
Or but as yesterday when past.

Thou quickenest Man, — some breathing dust,
Though in him doth Thy Spirit burn.
But soon thou sayest what is just, —
"Children of mortal Man, return."

As with a flood away they're borne,
They are as slumber, deep, profound ;
They flourish like the grass at morn,
Which eve sees wither'd on the ground.

THE AURORA BOREALIS.

In Northern astral chambers wonders rise,
What countless glories shoot athwart the skies!
Some star dust aspens, gleaming, shake and shiver
Upon the banks of a resplendent river.
Streaks, stripes, and rays are drawn in vast expansion,
As if to deck some sky-born magnate's mansion.
A shining arc with gentle undulations,
As Nature meant to decorate all nations.
Masses of fire, from which sea monsters issue
And crawl o'er carpets of the finest tissue.
Now here a row of grand supernal carters,
And there a host of sainted, holy martyrs.

GOD IS LOVE.

God Thou art Love ! declares the sacred page.
That Thou art Love is seen in every age.
When the fair Moon first view'd Earth's primal state,
When the morning stars together sang elate,
When to rapt shepherd's gaze the planet hung,
And Eastern sages heard an angel song ;
And now, when all on earth, in heaven above,
Breathe forth to Man this truth, that Thou art Love.
That thou art Love, the wintry winds oft sigh,
And summer zephyrs waft the same reply.
The leaf that rustles, and the bolt that rends,
Thé sturdy oak, the pliant reed that bends,
The sweeping tempest, and the gentle shower,
The sunny valley, and the sylvan bower,

The insect's hum, the great archangel's lyre,
Man's humblest prayer, the holiest seraph's fire,
The idiot's smile, the poet's loftiest lay,
Night intellectual, and the brightest day,
The solar light, the pale star's feeble beam,
The turbid sea, and the pellucid stream,
The star-gemm'd sky, in characters most bright,
Disclose this truth on each successive night.
Each lustre seems where spirits rest awhile
As on a shining, pure, and pearly isle.
Most plainly seen, the brightest of the whole
Is Love implanted in the human soul.
In its duration, too, how vast! how high!
When once created it can never die.
An influence the Saviour shed in Nain,
More blest than Hermon's dew or vernal rain.
His potent voice, which raised the widow's son,
Will millions raise to the empyrean.
Through ceaseless ages they will peans raise

To their Creator's and their Saviour's praise.
As odors sweet swell upward to the skies,
And with them dark and noxious vapors rise,
So Thy pure love with human love will blend,
Remain unchanged, and never, never end.

1839.

LINES DISSUADING A FRIEND FROM ENGAGING IN A LAWSUIT.

O THOU, my friend, meet death in any shape,
By pistol, poison, cord of hemp or flax,
Than strangled be by line of legal tape,
Or robbed by lawyers with their ink and wax.

For fatal things, view Nature's wide domain ;
The brigand's rifle, or the bandit's steel ;
And see what slight, what momentary, pain
They cause, when counted with the lawyer's seal.

Though red tape's narrow, and exceeding thin,
Yet men should dread it all their mortal lives;
For no constrictor holds so firm, — no gin,
Or chains, bolts, shackles, joined with brazen gyves.

Laocoön, by monstrous serpents wreath'd,
Had a good chance the vital air to draw,
Compar'd with him who tries to be relieved
From wrong or outrage by our courts of law.

Who justice thinks to win from bench or bar,
Is like a ship in tempest leaving port
To founder soon, bereft of every spar, —
So is the man who seeks redress at court.

LINES.

Who guides Arcturus and his sons?
  Who girds Orion's lucid bands?
Who leads the hosts of shining ones?
  Whose influence affects all lands?

Who paints each soft convolving cloud
  In hues seraphic eyes admire?
Who shakes the earth and thunders loud?
  Who feeds the Sun's undying fire?

Who with a super-solar light
  Has always all His saints illum'd,
Like Moses' bush that glowed so bright,
  And, though it burned, was unconsum'd?

Thou, mighty Lord! who planets wield,
Who through all space Thy presence flings,
Dost tint a daisy in a field,
Dost deign to gild an insect's wings.

Cherubs Thee homage yield divine,
In courts of everlasting day;
But Thou on lowly souls doth shine,
Who dwell in houses made of clay.

LETTER OF AUGUSTUS CÆSAR TO LIVIA DRUSILLA.[1]

Drusilla, dear, I love thee well!
Thy person shines with every grace;
No pen can write, no tongue can tell,
The matchless beauty of thy face.

[1] Livia Drusilla was the wife of Tiberias Claudias Nero.

My sway and name extend as far
As solid earth, or heaving main ;
I harness monarchs to my car,
On sceptred hands impose a chain.

A tributary world I view ;
Protection from me all invoke ;
Before my portals sov'reigns sue
The favor of my regal yoke.

I am[2] a poet ; and I choose
To list to poet's high discourse ;
At my board sits the Mantuan Muse,
And the Ausonian prince of verse.

The sex no favors me denied,
Since I the royal purple wore ;
Aye, and I say it, too, with pride,
Since I the name of Cæsar bore.

[2] Augustus wrote several tragedies.

Potential love! a force divine, —
By it the captor's captive led;
Augustus bows to Livia's shrine,
And languishes with her to wed.

Scribonia[3] a dowdy seems, —
The ladies of my court seem dregs;
Livia's in my nightly dreams,
Her kindness Cæsar humbly begs.

Rome's brightest beauty seems like night,
Compar'd with thee, thou shining one,
Seems meaner than a catamite,
She is by thee eclipsed, outdone.

I[4] did the drama institute,
That people virtue well might learn;

[3] Scribonia, wife of Augustus.

[4] According to some authors he first instituted stage plays. It was also at the theatre Augustus first saw Livia.

Like[5] him who formed the brazen brute,
Shall a grim foe my vitals burn?

Forbid it! Sun and Stars, that beam
Upon my vast dominions bright.
Forbid it! ev'rything terrene, —
Spring, Summer, Autumn, Day, and Night.

No sigil e'er can heal my heart;
But thou, my fair enchantress, can;
My wound's beyond the reach of art,
Beyond the help of mortal man.

Though thou art Tiberias' spouse,
He's only Gallia's Proconsul;

[5] Perillus, an ingenious artist at Athens, made a brazen bull for Phalaris, tyrant of Agrigentum. This machine was fabricated to put criminals to death by burning them alive, and it was such that their cries were like the roaring of a bull. When Perillus gave it to Phalaris, the tyrant made the first experiment upon the donor, and cruelly put him to death by lighting a slow fire under the belly of the bull.

I'll loose thee from thy marriage vows;
I every law can disannul.

Tiberias, thy husband, knows
The flame which in his sov'reign burns;
Likewise the duty which he owes
To one who can dispense with forms.

O could you fully comprehend
What Cæsar is, what you may be:
To me a willing ear you'd lend,
And love him who so deep loves thee.

Thrice happy Livia! thou hast charms
That's bound the world's sole Potentate.
Thou yet will grace that Monarch's arms
Who rules a universe prostrate.

LIVIA'S REPLY.

Most mighty Cæsar! great and wise,
I read the epistle borne to me
By high Macænas, with surprise, —
It came from potent Cæsar, — thee!

Can he, who does the world sustain,
One single thought on me bestow?
Whom millions meet with glad acclaim?
My tim'rous spirit whispers — "No!"

Does Cæsar love me? blissful thought!
He does, — so all his courtiers say.
Who would believe that such a lot
Could e'er await on — Livia?

1842.

BE FRUITFUL AND MULTIPLY.

O ALL ye dwellers 'neath the sky,
Who creep, or walk, or swim, or fly, —
Be fruitful ye and multiply.

Millions of sunbeams morning wakes,
And countless drops compose the lakes,
And floods arise from tiny flakes.

After Earth was duly centred,
Ere sharp sorrow had it entered,
Or weak Man to sin had ventured ;

Ere the Law came down from heaven
When Mount Sinai was riven, —
This command to Man was given.

One star is no constellation,
Though it shine on all creation; —
Practise, then, multiplication.

What avails an education,
Talents, or exalted station,
If we're minus population ?

In this world of change and chances,
Multiply like leaves on branches,
Or like sands in avalanches.

BLUE HILL.

Blue Hill seems like an earthly star,
That disregards both Time and Fate;
'Tis hailed from sea and land afar,
As a fit altar for the State.

The mists that on its bosom rise,
The sunbeams that upon it play,
Seem like an ancient sacrifice,
Seen from our lovely Boston bay.

And in the mellow Autumn days,
As thou, fair Mount, in russet shine, —
Observ'd through mild October haze,
Seems a pavilion all divine.

Thou seem'st a firmamental prop,
Whose base rests on this sphere mundane,
Which will not let the heavens drop,
But will their garniture sustain.

The cold North Star upon thee beams,
And Sirius fiercely on thee burns,
And waning moons, in paly streams,
Pour light with countless starry urns.

Thou art great Nature's mighty fane,
Which she adorn'd with loveliest hue;
And where thy head surmounts the plain,
It rivals pure celestial blue.

Nothing can now thy fame augment;
We cannot thee too highly rate;
For thou, thine ancient name has lent
Unto our own beloved State.

Of tidings glad thou hast apprised,
When we with woe were sore oppressed,
And near thee saints have been baptized,
And patriots gathered on thy crest.

Thou hast borne blessings, greater now,
For on thy crown is placed a watch, —
A structure grand, on thy high brow,
Placed by the hand of noble Rotch.

In regal splendor thou'rt alone ;
Humanity has thee enjoyed :
And massive, grand, thou art our own,
Old Massachusetts' asteroid.

Aye, — thou dost pierce infinitude,
And view each brilliant astral gem,
And sound a stellar interlude
To roundelay or requiem.

Fair Star terrene, in azure robe,
Thou'lt last while Suns in phalanx roll,
Till fire incinerates our globe,
And chaos reigns from pole to pole.

Printed in 1886.

CUBA.

Cuba, contiguous to a great grasping nation!
Thou fair, fertile island, we must thee obtain!
'Twill cover with glory the administration,
To extort thee from old, emasculate Spain.

Try wiles Machiavelian! by what precedent rule,
To her nominal owner award her true value;
Treat as well, with some eunuch, for sombre Stamboul,
Whose life has been spent in the Sultan's seraglio.

A whole party's hounds bay for thee in chorus;
The party is dominant, efficient, and brave;

They'll threaten their foes with the sack and Bosphorus,
And the bow-string each, every friend of the slave.

Some think we might look very deep into Vattel,
And list to the Bible and not its perversion;
But with them we'll work our own human cattle,
Whose labor must spring from nought but coercion.

Must thou extend the domain Cimmerian
Of slavery worse than a vampire or ghoul?
Thou, that might'st be a fine garden Hesperian,
Be curs'd with this incubus, mighty and foul?

If so, let all freemen break forth in loud dirges!
The Philanthropist blush, hang his head for his kind!

If here must be used the slave's chains and scourges,
And the soil with his blood be incarnadined.

Rise, mortals of song! of the army Pierian!
Rise, statesman and orators, in a body as one!
Rise, men with intellects almost Websterian!
In thunder-tones say "It shall not be done!"

1858.

MUD.

[Written at the time General McClellan was Commander-in-Chief of the Union Forces.]

Rise, Muses, rise ! your tuneful aid impart.
Help me to reach this mighty nation's heart
Through the poor means of weak, discordant verse,
As others, by their swords, now reach its purse.
O, were my pen but equal to my theme,
Then would I rival Poet's wildest dream ;
Then would I cover paper like a flood,
And sing in raptures of the praise of Mud !
Proclaim this fact to all, and never fail,—
Mud is like Truth, is mighty, will prevail.
By Pen and Sword great lights our sky bestud
One star now shines there " by the powers of Mud !"
In Art, too, Watt, a name conjoined with steam,
Must surely pale his ineffectual beam ;

And he who taught the vivid lightning's glare
To go on errands through the ambient air, —
Yes, like a thing of life direct its course, —
Thou, too, must sink ! immortal, gifted Morse !
Mud held our army with a stubborn grasp,
No hero could its yielding chains unhasp.
When has Press, Pulpit, Lightning, Steam, withstood
And bound such numbers, as this Monarch, Mud?
Egyptian kings, — it almost makes one smile, —
When Mud abounded on the fertile Nile,
Instead of lab'ring with tremendous pains
To build the Pyramids to bear their names,
Should have seized on this puissant means to soar
Above the flight of Time's corroding power.
Cyrus and Cæsar, they were men of blood,
They never thought to rise by potent Mud !
What is, to vulgar souls, a scourge, mere mire,
Ethereal genius makes a wing of fire !

Ne'er quarry marble more for honest fame,
A chieftain, now, may write in Mud his name!
Stern discipline may well its rules relax
Since Mud received *three hundred thousand tracks.*
Our soldiers, still the pride of all manhood,
Are taught the useful art of wielding Mud.
Our braves, responding to their country's call,
Are used like Irish on a great "canawl."
"THE ARMY'S SAFE!" — 'twould make an angel
weep,
And almost break our fathers' leaden sleep!
Behold our Mighty, Muddy Chieftain comes!
We've won! Our trophies? *Thirty wooden guns!*
Rise, men of rhyme! unite in glad acclaim;
Throw glory's nimbus bright around his name!
Marble and latten, Mud will supersede,
So plain is this that "he who runs may read."
May Burnside's besom, like old Van Tromp's broom,
Sweep foul Rebellion from our land, and soon.

NEGLECT.

When Winter's breath doth indurate
The surface of the placid lake,
Then, frantic winds can't agitate
Its bosom, or its quiet break.

So, when Man's soul is turned to ice
By cold neglect, — he then assures
The whole wide world he it defies,
And, unmov'd, all its rage endures.

1880.

CAN MAN BE SURE HE IS RIGHT?

In society there must be schism,
Into one mass it will not fuse.
The human mind is like a prism,
Through which light shines in varied hues.

It shines through all the Bible list
Of precious stones, of richest veins;
From jasper unto amethyst,
Which Heavenly Salem's wall contains.

Whence does this difference, great, arise?
This difference, I rightly ween,
Depends somewhat upon the eyes,
More on the angle whence 'tis seen.

If "holy light," for aye the same,
  Pours divergent visual rays,
And Day's high Monarch's mighty flame
  Misleads us in his noontide blaze,

Can erring men be sure they're right?
  They who most sorely feel their need
Of help Divine, and, mocked by light, —
  How can they ever be agreed?

AUTUMN.

The waning year o'er Earth has thrown
A sombre robe of sickly hue.
The winds around us sigh and moan,
The skies are gray which once were blue.

The trees their leafy mantles doff,
And naked stand, ignobly bare;
Aerial songsters now are off
To sunny climes in milder air.

With what distinctness sounds are heard,
E'en to the softest, faintest lisp!
The notes of ev'ry hardy bird,
Through air so dense, so cold, so crisp.

Yes, we with wondrous plainness hear
The jay's harsh scream, the crow's rough caw,
As they in frigid air career,
Guided by nature's changeless law.

Icily forth the frost doth ride,
Like an arch-fiend with purpose fell;
And murders plants, their owners' pride,
As with a dire, infernal spell.

The ripen'd corn, in russet clad,
In martial order doth remain;
It looks like soldiers, marr'd and sad,
Returning from a long campaign.

The gloomy rustle of each leaf
Seems like the solemn muffled drum;
And Nature droops, oppressed with grief, —
The "melancholy days have come."

But then these sad autumnal days,
Like the struck dolphin e'er it dies,
Show shining tints and golden haze,
And brighten and adorn the skies.

1879.

RED, WHITE, AND BLUE.

Brave comrades, courage! through the boom
  Of cannon our old planet jars!
Let not one man succumb to gloom
  While o'er us floats the stripes and stars!

Forward! we'll meet the foemen fell,
  And show the world that soldiers do
Such deeds as poets grandly tell,
  While o'er them floats red, white, and blue!

Though shot and shell like earthquakes rend,
  Though bursting bombs and bullets smite,
Our nation's flag we will defend, —
  Exalted flag! red, blue, and white!

Sacred shall be each, every fold ;
For it our blood we'll freely shed ;
To see it makes a coward bold, —
That waving flag, white, blue, and red !

Plant the proud banner ! plant it high !
Our mighty nation's noble type !
The world shall see we'd rather die
Than dim a single star or stripe !

In triumph float o'er land and main,
Flag of the pure and holy dead !
Our enemies will find it vain
To rase the blue, the white, and red.

Wave on ! thou ever-grand ensign !
Float ever thy celestial hue !
Thy starry spangles ever shine !
For ever wave, white, red, and blue !

1862.

THE BOUNDLESS POWER OF THE DEITY.

LORD, Thy dominion knows no bound!
  Thy praise exalteth eloquence!
Thy centre ev'rywhere is found,
  And nowhere Thy circumference.

Thou causest earth to bud and bloom,
  Where Thou hast lodg'd the human race;
The distant suns Thou dost illume,
  That travel through the realms of space.

There is no sphere, howe'er immense,
  Or tiny grain of common sand,
But feels Thy potent influence, —
  Is ruled by Thy Almighty hand!

The rains descend on thorn and vine,
The nettle and the fragrant rose,
The nightshade, and the jessamine, —
Each by Thy benediction, grows.

Winter earth of power bereaves, —
Then forests stand like mourning brides ;
But robes for plants Thy bounty weaves
When spring strews verdure on all sides.

The elemental pillars four
Sustain Man's fair sublunar seat,
And on its flow'ry, fruitful floor
Beauty and use together meet.

Lord ! who by searching ever found
Out Thee, or fathom'd Thy design ?
Thy depths no being e'er can sound,
For they require an endless line.

DO LITTLE THINGS.

Do little things, do little things, —
Nor stay for more important feats ;
Were angels lodged in courts of kings,
They'd just as soon sweep city streets.

For Christ, St. Peter drew his sword ;
At his command walked on the deep.
But what to Peter saith the Lord ?
"Feed thou my lambs!" "Feed thou my sheep!"

Not strive to rise in arms or arts,
Or sway the world by eloquence ;
But sow good seed in lowly hearts,
And thus Christ's kingdom here commence.

On all this obligation's laid, —
For this no labor's low or mean ;
Count nothing small the Lord hath made,
And no soul common or unclean.

From minds dispel all needless fear, —
Assuage the mourner's poignant grief ;
The lonely orphan's spirit cheer,
And to the poor extend relief.

Each well-meant word, each kindly deed,
Though never brought to public view,
May be like tiny mustard seed,
Which, hid in earth, a great tree grew.

1845.

TWILIGHT.

When from evening's argent vase
Flows splendor forth on earth and space, —
When Pleiades sparkle bright,
And huge Orion gilds the night, —
When stars appear like molten globes,
And western clouds seem seraph's robes, —
When shade and silence fondly woo,
And trees against the fading blue
Seem scripture on celestial gates,
With many and important dates, —
When atolls, lagoons, all marine,
Accord with hills and vales terrene, —
When winds and waters murmur far
In cadence sweet with each bright star,
As when of yore on Eden's ground

Our Maker's voice was heard to sound, —
When on heaven's vast dial-plate
Bright constellations indicate
The flux of time, — how moments fly
And fall into eternity, —
When distant bells most faintly chime,
Heaven sheds down its joys in time, —
Oh how can man, whose life's a day,
At such a time, forbear to pray?

1858.

MIDNIGHT.

Rayless Night! whose leaden sway
All the lands of earth obey, —
Yet, at midnight's deepest gloom
Of thought, the ancients called it noon.

Armies of stars are seen to glide
O'er the blue pavement, side by side;
In their bright ranks there is no jar,
No din, confusion, death, or war.

ADVERSE FATE.

Some cannot catch a favoring gale, —
Must always row, — can never sail ; —
And if their poor, storm-beaten skiff
Makes land, — they have to climb a cliff.
Their course then lies through wood and brake,
Where lies encoiled the gilded snake ;
Through morass, marsh, and beds of slime,
Where venomed reptiles bask and shine.

And shall it e'er be said, be e'er surmised,
That he who treads this fair cherubic pave,
Must, like the swine, be dead before he's prized ?
Before he's valued, slumber in the grave ?

THE human face, on great occasions, shows
Traits nowhere seen in Nature's vast domain :
As when great Brutus struck the fated blows, —
When Webster nugified the fluent Hayne, —
When Britain's stage was pressed by Garrick's feet, —
When Newton found the law that worlds obey, —
When Bonaparte gave orders to retreat, —
And when Columbus saw America.
Within this narrow, small, contracted range,
Say inches six by nine, — this little space
Shows love, despair, hate, anger, dire revenge, —
This index of the soul, — the human face.

I SAMUEL, CHAPTER 9.

SAUL sought the brutes, — his father's — not his own, —
And found them not, — but found, instead, a throne.
So, God's co-workers oft no wealth amass, —
Seek not their own, — find not a single ass.
For what seems naught they toil without renown,
But at life's close receive a starry crown.
O may the strong and great, the weak and small,
This lesson learn, — to seek and work like Saul:
Do what they can, — suppress each idle wish,
And gain a kingdom like the son of Kish.

ZION, PUT ON THY STRENGTH.

[Isaiah, Chapter 52.]

Zion, put on thy Strength! awake!
Thy comely garments proudly wear;
The dust from off thyself now shake,
Thy moans and lamentations spare.

Daughter of Zion! loose thy bands!
Tho' thou hast sold thyself for naught;
With joy and gladness clap thy hands,
Thou without money shall be bought.

Upon the distant mountains far,
How beautiful the Angel's feet,
Who saith Jehovah reigneth here,
And joyful tidings doth repeat.

Thy watchmen lift the tuneful voice,
With gladness they together sing;
See eye to eye, and much rejoice
That God again will Zion bring.

Deserts break forth in joyful strains,
A universal anthem choir;
Here, Zion's King in glory reigns,
With joy His people doth inspire.

1843.

HEAVEN AND EARTH UNITE AND SING.

Heaven and Earth unite and sing
To God, — the great Creator praise, —
To Him from whom all blessings spring,
Who crowns with mercy all our days.

The sun, encircled with a zone
Of purest light, dissolves the gloom
Where moon and planets feebly shone, —
So Christ irradiates the tomb.

With beauty earthly objects glow
And tell in love our world began ;
While balmy zephyrs as they blow,
Show how the Spirit acts on man.

Fire, flood, and earthquake, magazines
Of horror, Thy kind hand controls ;
On us Thy eye benignly beams ;
Our peace as a vast river rolls.

O Lord, upon our hearts impress
What we should be, — how Thee to serve,
To love Thee more — the world far less —
And never from Thy precepts swerve.

HYMN.

LORD! in Thy presence we appear,
Our sin and errors we deplore;
Give us the love that casts out fear,
And bid us go and sin no more.

From each temptation, vile assault,
Preserve us, Lord, by grace divine;
Oh purge Thou us from every fault,
And let Thy face upon us shine;

Give us that faith that works by love,
That's like an anchor to the soul;
That will sustain, though storms above
And mighty billows 'neath us roll.

Midst angels' songs, arrayed in white,
Where life's fair waters gently flow,
May we with them in praise unite
And sing the debt to grace we owe.

When offered in the Saviour's name,
Our worship will acceptance find,
As that of seraphs all aflame,
With all the heavenly host combined.

HYMN.

O HOLY one, by Isr'el slain!
Thou that didst prophets' eyes unseal;
O'er sinful hearts and spirits reign,
And unto us Thyself reveal.

Deep silence reigns in Judah's halls,
No songs there sound to Salem's king;
But here, within these sacred walls,
We will Thy praise devoutly sing.

Let us, Thy sinful children, now
Acceptance find as clear and plain
As those on Zion's hallowed brow,
Within Jehovah's mighty fane.

O Zion, holy, happy, place!
Once source of joy and jubilee;—
But now the hopes of all our race
Are centred on Mount Calvary.

HYMN.

LORD, whose glory's not confined
To hosts of worlds on high that roll,
Thou dwell'st with ev'ry humble mind,
And visit'st every lowly soul.

Bless Thou the numbers that convene
Within Thy holy Temple's gate,
Free them from thoughts debasing, mean,
And raise them to the heav'nly state.

With pure devotion rich endued,
May they pour forth entrancing lays;
Nor low, nor grov'ling cares intrude
To quench the fire of fervent praise.

Though countless worlds to Thee pertain,
And suns and systems claim Thy care,
Man, a small link in being's chain,
Receives a regal, ample share.

We, Thy dependent children, own
Our sins as scarlet may have been ;
But faith rests on that Corner Stone,
For ever glorious, bless'd. Amen.

A MEDLEY.

MAN, rise up to thy highest level!
And virtue, all honor, account.
Let no foe, human or devil,
Degrade thee from this lofty mount.

With vigor encounter all evil:
Frown on it in palace or street;
As hard frosts kill out the weevil
That is so destructive to wheat.

Though arrows the beaming sun darken,
Of dangers be thou not afraid;
To ill-omen'd prophets ne'er hearken,
But valiantly fight in the shade.

The feat, at which ages have wonder'd,
And sounded through every land,
When Leonidas and his three hundred
Caus'd the vast Persian army to stand,

Was by no means a lone paragon,
That small, could great numbers oppose,
But a bud, that burst on Marathon
A blooming, bright, beautiful rose.

All have a narrow Thermopylæ,
Where they can fight bravely, and bleed,
And let people their stamina see,
If a Marathon does not succeed.'

Revere thyself! be no man's beagle,
Irrespective of state, place, or time;
You never will pass for an eagle
If you rate yourself only a dime.

On trifles throw not away learning;
Bear this fact in mind evermore: —
A speech that is thrilling and burning
Would be lost in a grocery store.

In speaking, regard situation;
Nor passion, surpassing, e'er feign;
And spurn all mere declamation,
As did Webster replying to Hayne.

Disregard the rowdy, and scorner,
Nor listen to hear gossips prate ;—
Who holds forth at every street corner,
Will never in Congress debate.

Get good from the Vedas and Shaster,
Or any diminutive page ;
But in this world call no man "master,"
Though maugre the light of his age.

Rely on thyself in thy labors ;
Ill fortune try hard to retrieve ;
For favors don't call on the neighbors ;
Give often,—but seldom receive.

Petty things damage peoples and races:
Some labor will change human shape;
He'll never compute stellar spaces
Who nothing does but measure tape.

The sun through the Zodiac travels,
And ruts and impressions he scorns;
But masses of light he unravels,—
Which, formless, revealeth all forms.

He silently blesseth each canton,
Throughout his extensive domain;
Whale, elephant, insect, or phantom,
He regally doth them sustain.

Some signs of the times are most cheering:
There's hatred of every sham; —
Folks now do not wish for veneering,
But separate truth from a flam.

We employ the lightning and steamer,
People now are mostly car-borne;—
By the thoughts of some cunning schemer
The mountains themselves are uptorn.

Steam works in every meridian
A high invaluable boon;
It makes the sun stand in Gibeon,
In Aijalon's valley the moon.

We can do with skill, ease, and pathos,
What was greatly beyond Xerxes' sweep;
And bid the aspiring Mount Athos
Sink low its proud head in the deep.

This continent wears a vast cincture,—
Our country with railroads is zoned.
Worlds from us will take hue and tincture,
And this cannot long be postponed.

Man said of the earth, "I will span it,—
Through ocean the lightning shall glide;"
And then he required a new planet
To conquer,— and o'er it preside.

The future work will be astounding,
Exceeding the work of the dead,
As the globes, our planet surrounding,
Surpass beads upon a silk thread.

Like gold they seem in a crucible,
Assay'd by the Chemist Divine;
And having render'd them fusible,
Upon us they more brightly shine.

Like the stars, retain thy position;
Serve God and to mortals be just;
Amidst obloquy and derision
Thyself most implicitly trust.

Keep thy orb the same as a planet;
Do duty,— nor whimper, nor pule;
For justice, stand firm as the granite;
Adhere to the great Golden Rule.

The saurian was a good proem,
On which Nature founded her plan,
And finished in a grand poem,
A being of culture,— a Man.

To the best man always be equal,
Let thy record shine bright as his
But never become a mere sequel,
Or written in parenthesis.

Revere the good of each nation
Recorded in story or song;
And labor to be a quotation
Repeated by every tongue.

Dissolve not like cake, nor like candies,
Leave thou an imperishable name,
As lasting as Alps, or the Andes,
Or the great Cordilleras chain.

One looks upon luck as a factor
That to pounds can transmute his pence;
But he is a public detractor,
A libel on labor and sense.

One law rules in every atom
That is found in all Nature's realms ; —
In a sand, in Jove, or in Saturn,
In a drop, or a flood that o'erwhelms.

If planets should hold a convention,
And gather in yonder bright sky, —
One might talk upon his dimension,
One, the speed with which he could fly ;

One, that worlds seemed to him but spatters,
As flowers that deck our fine Junes ;
And on lofty celestial matters
Orbs should be appraised by their moons ;

Those mean little planets, though denser
Than us,— and much nearer the sun,
Are a snuff-box beside a censer,—
'Tis not strange they should faster run;

One, that in Night's brilliant tiara
She filled the most splendid space,—
And in heaven's high panorama
Was put in the loftiest place.

But the grand law of gravitation
Might respond, "You are all ruled by me;
I will that each one keep his station
While sailing through this azure sea."

Good character is a diploma
  Which lasts when the Himalays fade,—
A sweet and eternal aroma
  That will the creation pervade.

We cannot approach the horizon,
  We find it doth always retreat;
Let distant good, life not empoison,
  But seize that which lies at our feet.

We must not expect to be griefless,—
  Woe joins us as light doth the morn;
We *look* for the root to be leafless,
  Nor seek we the grape on the thorn.

Young man, be not mean or craven,—
Be ye circumspect in words;
Do not imitate the raven,
Emulate the king of birds.

High above the tempest soaring,
The sun he meets with steady gaze,
While congeners are deploring
The absence of "pale Luna's rays."

Space on high there is no telling,—
Beneath seems but a pent-up well;
One, a noble, princely dwelling,
One, a felon's gloomy cell.

From the wicked keep asunder;
Rightly act, and fear no ill;
Be among that happy number
That perform their Maker's will.

Live thou down the vilest scandal,
Let it not derange thy plan;
Meet each lying Goth and Vandal
With the spirit of a *man*.

Visit scenes of filth and squalor;
All created beings bless;
Never get a single dollar,
Which, if dying, should be less.

While man's heart continues beating,
  While light's pleasant to his eyes,
Some will gain their bread by cheating,
  By base dishonor, stealth, and lies.

Things are in the right direction,—
  Error rank to truth must yield ;
Let thy gun know no deflection,
  And sweep gross error from the field.

Gilded shams and thoughts fallacious
  Greatly please the human race ;
And men, empty and loquacious,
  Oft attain the highest place.

By thy efforts gain thy channel,
Without the aid of others' math;
For, if mounted on a camel,
No wonder people clear thy path.

No praise if you use daddy's money
As on life's journey you proceed;
That makes time serene and sunny,
But never wrought one valiant deed.

But thy boat steer through all weathers,
However rough the waters seem;
Nor for lucre, froth, nor feathers,
Be idly towed along by steam.

By the chin upheld, in ocean,
Ignobly tranquil one may rest;
But ne'er entertain the notion
That he, alone, could billows breast.

Strive hard thyself to comprehend;
Nor with keen eye thy neighbor scan;
Profoundly think on life's great end,
Nor interfere with Nature's plan.

All lines are either curved or straight;
All things are simple or complex;
Affairs, however intricate,
The cool, clear head will not perplex.

If thou thyself dost fully ken,
  Thy line thy soul's deep soundings touch;
Then thou wilt understand all men,—
  Thy wants be few, thy pleasure much.

Serve thou the Lord, who didst create
  Unnumber'd orbs that gem the sky;
Who, by a word, plac'd worlds in state,
  While angels could not form a fly.

Arrange to often be alone;
  To God and man be fill'd with love;
Remain unnoticed, little known,
  And slander's shafts will not thee move.

The bird her course which highest shapes,
Which highest soars aloft in air,
From many dangers oft escapes —
The hunter's gun,—the fowler's snare.

So let no thing become a mesh
To tie thy spirit, 'neath the skies,
Scorn thou the joys of sense, and flesh,
Bid thy immortal soul arise.

Labor to know thyself! how vain
Are honors, fame, or sordid pelf:
He knows the most of God, I claim,
Who most completely knows himself.

How deep! how vast! this truth appears,
As we upon life's journey go;
We find, as we advance in years,
"All knowledge is ourselves to know."

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